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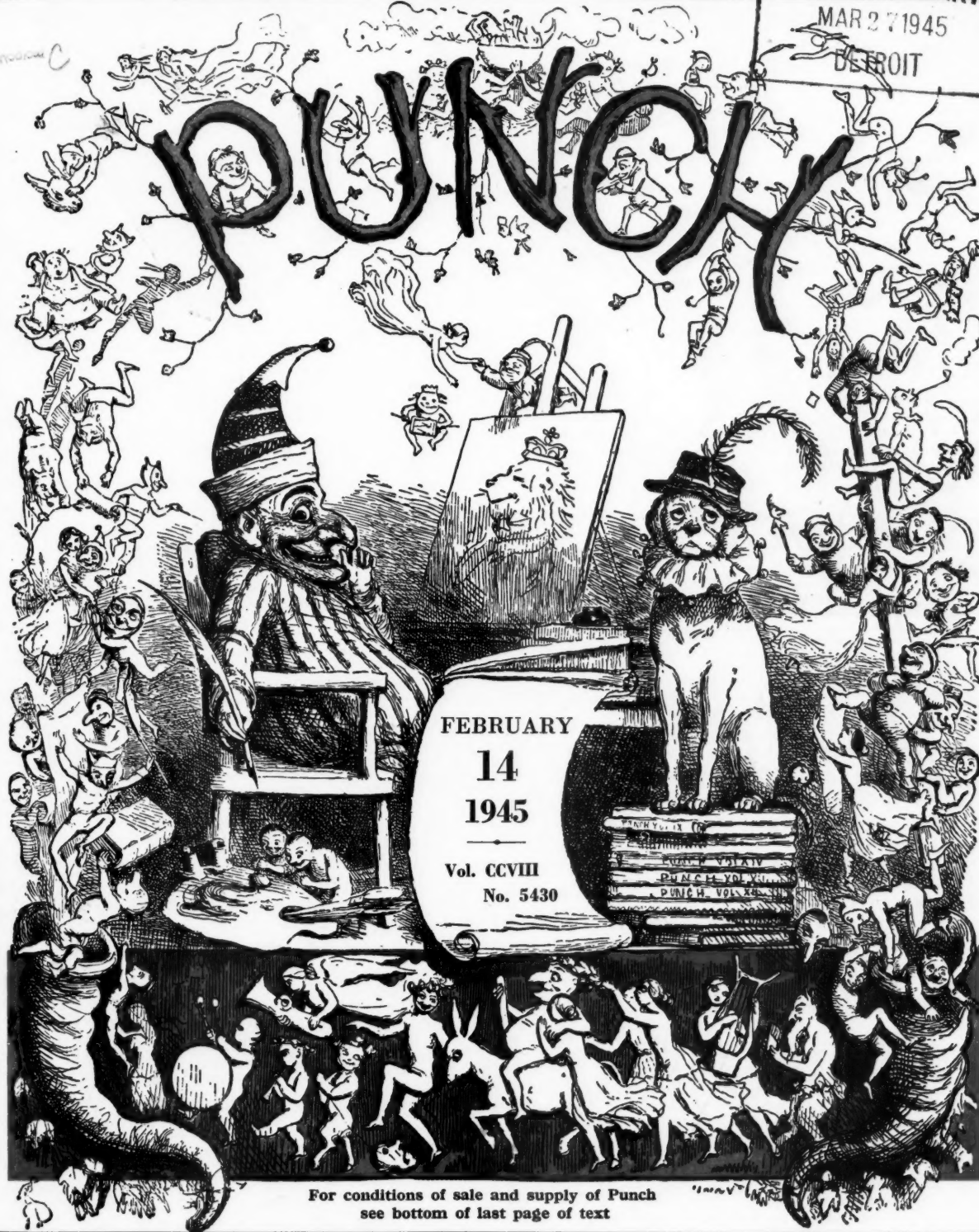
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COMPANY LTD**

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FEBRUARY

14
1945Vol. CCVIII
No. 5430For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text**Imperial Typewriters****MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN**

'Monday's Child is Fair of Face'



Such radiant beauty, the birthright of every child, is the outward reflection of perfect health. Weetabix, the delicious whole-wheat cereal food, not only builds the foundation of health and energy but helps to keep at bay the ills of winter-time.

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE
 2 POINTS 7½p
 LARGE SIZE
 4 POINTS 1/1p

WX51

Zoned, like all cereals, but perhaps YOU live in a Weetabix area
 WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS

Specially prepared by
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 the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4

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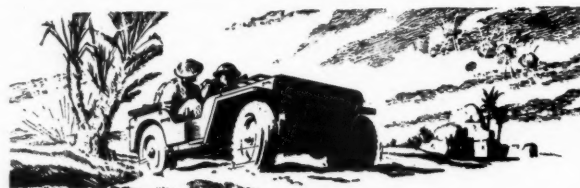
Delicious
OVALTINE
 will strengthen your
Resistance
 against
Winter ills

YOU will appreciate the warming, comforting influence of delicious 'Ovaltine' in the cold, dreary days of winter. Moreover, you will know that its concentrated nourishment is strengthening your natural powers of resistance against colds, influenza and other winter ailments.

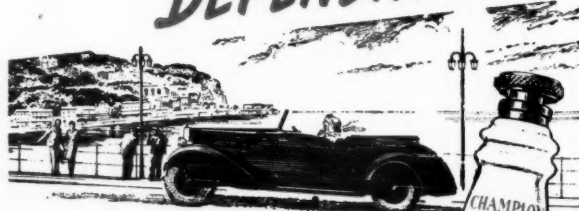
Scientifically prepared from Nature's best foods, 'Ovaltine' provides nutritive elements required for building-up and maintaining body, brain and nerves at a high level of efficiency.

For these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your constant standby for health and energy all day and restful restorative sleep all night.

P604A



Tunis-or Torquay
DEPENDABILITY



The grim mechanised fighting for Tunis or pleasant journeys in search of sea breezes at Torquay—wherever engine performance really counts there's always Champion dependability

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CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX

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SWEET 8/6
OR DRY 8/6

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

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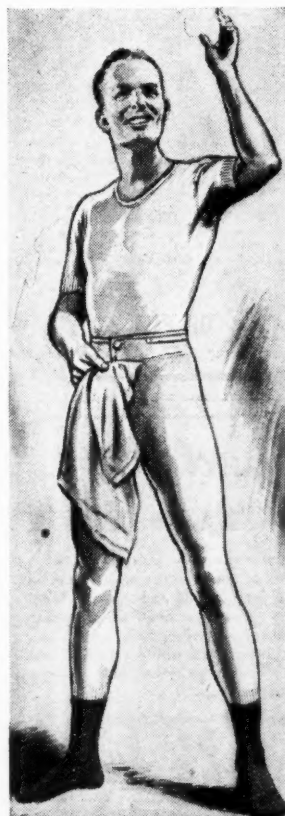


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to visit the Demonstration Kitchen at the address below, and see how the "AB" Cooker works—also get advice on your war-time cooking problems.

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The History of HENNESSY
is the History of
GOOD BRANDY
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"CARASADA" CIGARS

Especially the INTERMEZZO size 5½ inches long, at 30/- per box of 25, post free.

After the war we hope to resume offering WINES of all descriptions.

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TO REMEMBER IT!

RICHARD CRITTALL & CO. LTD
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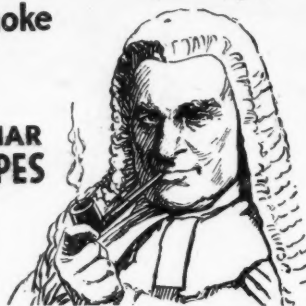
All shrewd Judges smoke

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PIPES

The demand for Orlik pipes far exceeds the supply, but the quality is still as good as ever. If you have difficulty in obtaining a genuine Orlik London-made pipe, please write to us for address of the nearest Tobacconist who can supply you.

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Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES

Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.

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"UNDERNEATH the gaslight's glitter," the Victorians loved an interlude of music. Uncle Albert would sing songs of Araby, and in return might be given permission to smoke.

Without singing our own praises unduly, we may mention that Rothman cigarettes were already famous at that time. Today our

Navy Cut Medium are an outstanding blend at 11/- a hundred (postage 3d. extra). We shall be happy to supply you at any Rothman shop, or direct by post from headquarters. Rothmans Ltd. (Folio M 24), 5, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

DUTY-FREE parcels to Prisoners of War and all H.M. Forces, or C.D. Reserve, Overseas. Ask for order form containing full details.

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From
warm and dry to
COLD AND WET

Wool protects you from the sudden changes of temperature which lead to quite a lot of colds and chills. Wool actually generates heat while taking up moisture from the air. So when you go from warm and dry to cold and wet, Wool helps your body adjust itself gradually.

WOOL is the word for
PROTECTION

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The International
Wool Secretariat

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**RUB OUT
PAIN**

Used and trusted by
Generations of Sufferers
from

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LUMBAGO,
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STIFFNESS, ETC.

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EMBROCATION

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**MORE PRECIOUS
THAN EVER**

so please use it sparingly.

Why you should
use Harpic to
clean the lavatory



1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

Good news for
good
shoes!

M

MELTONIAN CREAM is again in good supply! Because the finest raw materials only are used in Meltonian production, stocks of this popular cream have been short for some time. Never has Meltonian quality been sacrificed to give increased quantity. But now Meltonian is available throughout the country. Should you experience any difficulty in obtaining it, please write to us, giving the names of your usual supplier.

MELTONIAN

MELTONIAN LTD., OXGATE LANE,
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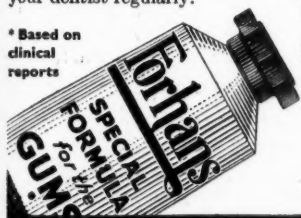


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Gum Trouble**

but not me!

Guard against—Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums. Dentists, for many years, have used Forhans astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans astringent. See your dentist regularly.

* Based on clinical reports



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Safeguard Your Teeth!



With **KENT** Exclusive
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Best British Brushes

USE this Medicinal & Toilet Soap every day for SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

Cuticura SOAP

THE WINDAK SUIT IN USE No. 6

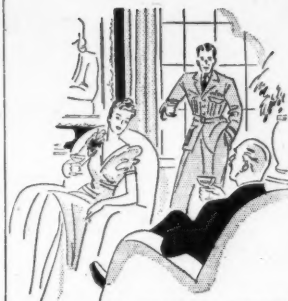
S-T-R-E-T-C-H

... a good word to describe the suppleness of the WINDAK flying suit, specially designed to give the utmost freedom of movement. Note, for instance, how WINDAK design has overcome the old handicaps of weight and bulk in flying kit; how clever cutting—such as at the knees—gives fullest freedom where most needed. Other "ace" features are electric-heating, free ventilation, ample pocket room ... It is a safe bet that WINDAK experience is destined to make life much more comfortable for the world and his wife when production is switched over to peaceful purposes.



BAXTER, WOODHOUSE & TAYLOR, LTD

Queen's Buildings, Stockport, Cheshire



**A RARE TREAT
THESE DAYS**



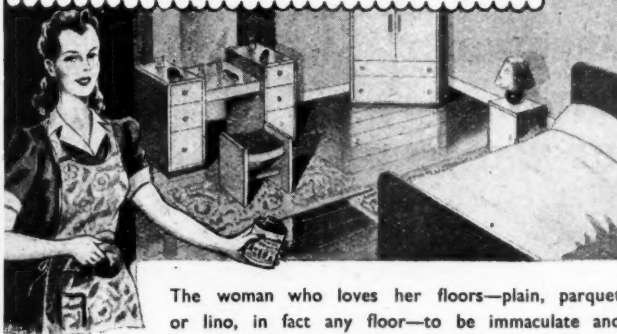
No superlative could convey the truly delightful quality of VAMOUR. Skilful blending of the choice imported wines and Selected Herbs of which it is composed make VAMOUR the vermouth for the discriminating. Regrettably short supply at present, but contact your Wine Merchant—you may be fortunate. Remember, every occasion with VAMOUR is a special one.

VAMOUR

THE True VERMOUTH

Produced by
VERMOUTIERS (London) LTD.
25-29, BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, S.W.1.

**MRS. FURMOTO SAYS 'RUGS AND MATS
CAN'T SLIP ON MY POLISHED FLOORS'**



The woman who loves her floors—plain, parquet or lino, in fact any floor—to be immaculate and gleaming with polish, knows—unless she uses Furmoto the NON-SLIP Floor Cream—that a notice "Step Warily" ought, for safety's sake, to be exhibited.

Furmoto is different. It gives all floors a finely-polished, hard, tread-proof, dirt-resisting surface, and is **ABSOLUTELY NON-SLIP**—an exclusive Furmoto feature.

Each tin carries

£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING

Sold in 2½-tins and larger sizes at Grocers, Ironmongers, General Stores, etc.

**Furmoto non-slip
FLOOR CREAM**

Awarded 64 Gold Medals.

In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to:

FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9



**"In the present
state of medical
knowledge..."**

Although medical science is continually learning new truths and developing old ones, one health rule remains rock-steady through all new discoveries. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein if they are to withstand the strain of these war years. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' are organic phosphorus and protein chemically combined.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war time—
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).
A 'Genatosan' Product.

"That's all
for to-night, Children"

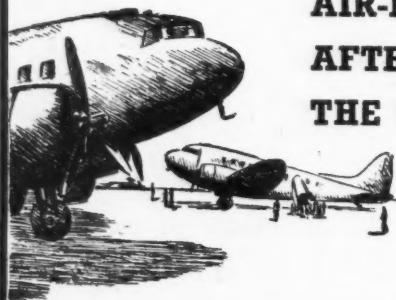
What energy they've used during
the day—and now it's bedtime. A few
quiet moments planning for tomorrow
—then a cup of OXO and off to bed.



Prepared from PRIME RICH BEEF



**WILL YOU BE
AIR-MINDED
AFTER
THE WAR?**



The development of air transport and travel must be obvious
to everyone. When the bombers' task is over, the airplane will
be at your service—safe, speedy and universally used.

We also have been busy developing the manufacture of sheep-
skin flying kit. The post-war Morlands Glastonburys will be as
great an improvement upon the pre-war models as the Mosquito
is to the bi-planes of yesterday.

Whether you fly or decide to keep your feet on the ground
you will need the luxurious comfort of the new Morlands
Glastonburys—warm, dry and so very smart they will be.

**MORLANDS
GLASTONBURY'S**

SHEEPSKIN FOOTWEAR

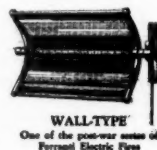
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the amenities of modern life
stands ELECTRICITY...
and behind Electricity is
the historic name of...*

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PIONEERS IN RADIANT ELECTRIC FIRES
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One of the post-war series of
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When all this work is finished, Ilford photographic
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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVIII No. 5430

February 14 1945

Charivaria

ZHUKOV's advance on Berlin has so far surpassed their calculations that the military observers of several newspapers have paused for regrouping.

A correspondent says he is surprised at the number of aged people who travel by rail nowadays. Although of course they may not have been when they started out.

In the furniture line Britain now spends only a quarter of what it did in 1938. Naturally enough. The stuff is not half what it was.

The recent thaw caused German resistance to stiffen. Another example of bad *Wehrmacht* timing.



Guatemala has broken off relations with Spain. Consequently the Press is fortifying its telegraph wires against a resumption of news from Bolivia.

We are told that radio sets may take longer to warm up in the cold weather. Announcers find the same thing with *their* valves.

Over-Enthusiasm

"FOR SALE, old Italian Mandolin, nearly new, complete with case and music book-stand, £5."—*Devon paper*.

According to the experts, Germany has now definitely only enough petrol to last her for a matter of weeks. This is where we came in.

A gossip writer mentions a cocktail party which ran out of gin before he arrived. In the circumstances it was very decent of him to mention it at all.

Hitler is now busy planning a two-pronged loophole.

Stalin is said to have asked Eisenhower if there will be enough room in Normandy for the Eastern front.

A woman writer says that in the ideal home of the future there will be no servants except the daily char. This used to be the cook's job.

All German education has now ceased. The schools had not enough truth to go round.

"Most London houses have roomy cellars," says an architect. Especially now.

"The legs of our gallant *Volkssturm* are not so young as they were," declares a German broadcaster. Never mind. It's only about a pfennig bus-fare to the Berlin front.

Nazi naval craft are being hounded out of the Mediterranean, says a report. Their place is being taken by the ones that are being hounded out of the Atlantic.



Total War

"N.S.W. NOW FACES BAD EGG SHORTAGE"

Heading in *Australian paper*.

"Many mistresses are excellent and I salute them," writes a charwoman. The practice is commendable so long as the mop handle co-operates.

Far Better than Philately

THE war hasn't done much good to anybody, so far as I know, but one good thing which it has done for me is to give me my new hobby, which is cleaning shoes. Before the war my shoes were always cleaned well enough, but I never did them; if I had been congratulated then on their brilliant polish (and I cannot remember that I ever was) it would never have given me the great pleasure which it gave me when someone did so last Tuesday.

I took to cleaning my shoes when it became obvious that that was the only way to get them cleaned at all, and, I must say, I was highly surprised to find what a delightful occupation it was. And, as time goes on, my delight grows greater and greater. I remember sitting on the low wall of a farm in Brittany, on a sunny July day in 1938, with my friend Eunice, and telling her that the last thing I would do would be to clean my own shoes. I was mistaken there, evidently, and now I see that I was very stupid too.

Shoe-cleaning has more merits than most hobbies. On whatever grounds your present hobby appeals to you, on those grounds shoe-cleaning can surpass it. A hobby that can be indulged in quietly and alone, like stamp-collecting? Yes, shoe-cleaning. A social asset, a topic of polite conversation? Yes. Scope for the acquisition of dexterity and skill? Yes. A scientific study of technique? Still yes. A subject of philosophic meditation? Still yes.

Clearly one can clean one's shoes quietly and alone. The spare half-hour at home, the tedious evening in the hotel, the lunch-hour at the office, one always has at least a single pair of shoes with one. I have even whiled away a solitary train journey to Norwich from Lowestoft.

A social asset. Only to wear the results of a particularly careful evening's work is pleasure enough. But soon one finds the hobby a delightful introduction to every kind of society. The discussion of technique will make a very entertaining after-dinner conversation. My brother in the Army tells me that the way to obtain a most superb shine on the toe-cap is to plaster it thickly with dubbin and then to burn the dubbin off. Frankly, I have never dared to try out this method, my shoes not being Army issue, but as soon as ever the war is over and clothes rationing at an end I shall make a few experiments on these lines.

My friend Russell has studied the subject almost as deeply as I have, and we intend to publish a text-book when we have the leisure to set about writing it. He has an exceedingly old polishing brush which he used when he was at school, and he treasures it as much as the first silver tassel he had on his cap as a prefect. He has made a very close and detailed study of the final stages of polishing, when the soft cloth is brought into use, first with the gentlest and lightest touch, softer than the touch of a mother's hand smoothing the hair of her sleeping child, then gradually working up to a fierce and heavy-handed grinding scrub that fixes the gleaming highlights beyond the possibility of any risk of dulling. Russell, too, insists on the necessity of polishing the soles. "Out of sight, out of mind" is not by any means one of his mottoes. He thinks the description of procedure in the first chapter of our text-book should begin with the instruction to remove the laces, but I cannot believe that even the most slipshod beginner could ever fail to do that. I agree, however, that a note on the technique for sewn-in tongues will be needed.

Angela, my Wren friend, has a system of putting on shoe-cream at night and polishing her shoes in the morning. As an excellent means to a purely utilitarian end this method may suffice, but I personally get very little satisfaction from it. On several occasions when I have set out to use the method I have been unable to resist the temptation to carry straight on and finish the job. I imagine a man of the gardening temperament might find this system suited him, but I myself like to see results appearing under my hand as I work, and not to wait for Nature to carry out the process.

Russell, being a married man, will write the chapters of our book dealing with ladies' shoes. He is particularly expert with the coloured suede varieties. I remember how when Dover was a defence area and I used to go in and out with my blue pass from the Ministry I was always able to supply him with shoe-creams in the rarer colours, but as soon as the ban was lifted multitudes of people swarmed in and bought up the stocks. I know too a small shop in Lochaber where hard brushes are still to be had.

I shall write the sections on brushwork—the longitudinal sweep, steady, smooth, and regular; the transverse

scrub, brisk and rapid; the use of a precessing rotatory motion as the end of the brushing stage is approached. I shall write on the choice of polishes and creams and oils, and include an account of my research on the suitability of various cloths and rags, which showed that the tail of an old poplin shirt was markedly superior to any of the cloths or pads on the market.

I shall also write a chapter to convert those (such as fishermen) who choose their hobby for the scope which it gives for meditation and reflection. Even yet I have not made up my mind whether one should go on polishing after alternate work on the right and on the left shoe brings out no perceptible difference between the two of them. And just as the taste of a morsel of cake dipped into tea brought back to Marcel Proust memories of Combray and the old grey house and the water-lilies on the Vivonne, so only yesterday, as I was polishing the shoes I bought from Mr. Thrussell, I puzzled myself to try to fathom what Aline was getting at when, on the Number Six bus to Broughty Ferry, last year, she suddenly asked me what size in shoes I wore. But there, Aline was always asking completely inexplicable questions.

Modern Valentine

LADY mine, though plucked they be,
Your eyebrows are most dear to me;
Your dainty lips, though crimsoned o'er,
Serve only to attract the moré.
Far be it from me to decry
This artificiality—
All the cosmetics ever sold
Could not conceal your heart of gold.
A. W. B.

The Editor Corrects

"NO FADS FOR J.P.s

'Leave your fads at home,' was the advice of Mr. F. K. North, 84-year-old Chancellor to the Norwich Diocese, in welcoming new magistrates to the West Norfolk Bench."

London evening paper.

"J.P.s TOLD 'LEAVE CIGARETTES HOME'

'Leave your cigarettes at home,' was the advice of Mr. F. K. North, aged 84, Chancellor of the Norwich Diocese, in welcoming new magistrates to the West Norfolk Bench."—Another, same day.



THE TEMPTER

"Can I do anything for you?"



"Good news, Henry—the authorities have just sent word that the plumber can come off our bomb damage and repair our burst pipes."

The Phoney Phleet

LXI—H.M.S. "Gash"

COME, stray with me to yonder habitation
Folded in kindly groves of oak and ash.
It is the Naval School of Sanitation,
Or, in official terms, H.M.S. *Gash*.

Gaze at that tablet. *That* one, near the sentry.
Read the inscription—"W.R.N.S.
Honour to 2/O Tutor (Special Entry),
The First to Darn her Stockings in the Mess."

Swing back the massive portal on its hinges.
Pass down the marble corridor. Now stop.
There is the ward-room; there we held our binges;
There were all things discussed (exclusive shop).

There we relaxed, our feet upon the fender;
Smoked filthy pipes; sometimes we even swore.
There we were *men*. And then that stocking-mender
Started the rot. Now are we men no more.

Tackle was loyal. He and I smelt danger.
"Avast!" we cried. "Secure! Belay that wool!"
But we were shouted down. "Dog in the manger"—
That was the line they took. Their cup is full!

Around the fire, where once we sang our shanties,
Elizabeth one evening dried her hair.
Then Frances dared to wash and iron panties.
Then Mollie started face massage in there.

Behind that door . . . but why describe the stages,
The sure descending steps that ward-room took?—
A tale of horror filling scarlet pages!
Go to the key-hole! Listen there, and look!

What do you see? *Step-uncle*, it's disgusting!
I see Commanders learning how to sew,
I see Lieutenants helping with the dusting.
Others push vacuum-cleaners to and fro.

What do you hear? *Step-uncle, it's appalling!*
Can it be true? Can I believe my ears?
I hear the sound of sundry infants squalling
And strong men saying "Dry oo's ickle tears"!

Enough, step-nephew! Make for the nearest exit!
 Rheumy and bald and ancient though he be,
 This is the point at which step-uncle legs it
 Down to the Arctic, down to a Wrenless sea!

Valse Triste

THE band was playing something or other and I was shuffling along in the manner to which my partners sooner or later become resigned. Everyone else, it seemed to me, was dancing with extraordinary dash and competence.

I determined, as I have so often determined before, to make up by the brilliance of my conversation for any lack of rhythm and inspiration in my footwork. I decided to tell her about my fall into a snowdrift, which generally amuses people.

The whole point about telling a laughable story while dancing is to let the thing come naturally into the conversation. It is useless to say, out of the blue, "Did I tell you about my amusing fall into a snowdrift?" because this gives the impression that one is making a business of the story and trying it on every partner one meets. To fascinate, conversation must leap lightly like a mountain-goat from point to point; there must be an impression that the speaker can be amusing, has something apt to say or relate on any chance subject that rears its head. So I said "I hope you didn't have far to come to-night?"

"Not very," she said. "I work here, you know."

I might have said, "Dear lady, you astonish me. I cannot believe that such charms as yours, such hair, such eyes, such, if you will forgive the impertinence, a nose, could have escaped my notice had they for any length of time irradiated the gloomy corridors of this confounded headquarters." I might have said, "I know well that you work here, and what is more, from all I hear I gather that your work gives great satisfaction to your superior officers. But I feared that you might have had an unpleasant journey from some distant billet this evening, and I was about to offer myself as an escort, if you will not think me too forward, on the arduous return homewards when the last dance has been danced and the last orangeade has been genteelly sipped."

I might have said almost anything, but in fact I said "Oh," and continued to shuffle round the room searching my mind for a new approach.

My partner, however, spoke first.

"Did you have to come far?"

"Oh, no," I said, "I work here"; and I am bound to say I was a bit shocked to find that the fact was not more generally known. In fact I trod on my own toe, which is painful but makes a change.

"Poorish sort of weather for travelling," I said.

"I love travel," said the girl.

This seemed to me an asinine remark. One might as well say "I adore boots." One might much better say "I adore boots," which is at least an interesting fixation, whereas to profess a love of travel leads nowhere—or, still worse, it leads to the "I've always wanted to go to New Zealand, but daddy says—" kind of conversation.

"Not when it's snowing, surely?" I said, working round gradually towards my snowdrift.

"Oh, I don't mind snow," she said.

"I dislike it very much," I said firmly. "I particularly disliked it the other day, when—"

"How funny you should dislike things more on one day than another! I've got an aunt who's always hateful on Wednesdays."

I began to wish we had stuck to travel. But there it was. If she preferred to tell me about her aunts rather than listen to my really rather laughable accident in the snow, let her get on with it.

"Tell me," I said, doing a sort of inside turn which must have hurt her a good deal, "about your aunt who is always hateful on Wednesdays."

"Oh, there's nothing to tell about it, except that she seems to be more beastly than usual then. I don't know why."

"I see," I said. The band went bravely on, gay snatches of talk and bursts of laughter caught my ear above the susurration of innumerable feet, and indomitably I shuffled my partner round and round the room.

"I had rather an amusing accident—" I began suddenly, and in that instant caught my partner smiling at some ass over my shoulder. There is no reason why this should annoy me. I am not jealous. I do not expect my partners to think of me, as a matter of routine, as the only man in the world. They have a perfect right, of which they freely avail themselves, to forget all about me immediately their feet have stopped hurting. But so long as I am steering them this way and that through the throng I do ask that they should pay attention to what I am saying. It seems to me a matter of ordinary common-or-garden straightforward courtesy.

"What day of the week is it?" I asked sternly.

"Wednesday. Why?"

I was thinking, as a matter of fact, that she and her aunt must have a good deal in common, but it seemed difficult to express the thought without rudeness. Still, it was necessary to say something.

"I adore Wednesdays," I said.

She seemed to think the remark beneath contempt, as indeed it was. We revolved in silence, and for my own part in mounting dudgeon. Her indifference I could bear with equanimity, but her scorn was more than I could tolerate. It was, I suppose, with some lunatic idea of reinstating myself in her opinion (and indeed in my own) as a man to be reckoned with that I attempted to copy a manœuvre just successfully executed by a rather flashy couple in front. There was nothing inherently difficult about it. . . .

Everybody was very kind. Helping hands raised us to our feet, and a buzz of sympathy directed, with the stupidity common to crowds, at my partner rather than myself, beat upon our ears. My thoughts were confused and in the main unhappy, but there was at least one ray of comfort. Perhaps at my next dance I should be able to interest my partners in a ludicrous accident that had befallen me while waltzing not long ago. H. F. E.

"Colonel von Hammer, whose broadcasts are intended mainly for Germans overseas, declared the situation was growing more serious every hour.

He said that Breslau, Danzig and Oppeln were gravely threatened and that only a supreme effort on the part of the Regular Army and the *volkssturm* could save them.

Here is how he gummied up the situation. . . .—*Middle-East paper*. So it was *his* fault!

Wood

THIS is the wood of my drawing
From the clearing over by
Hogge's;
Elm, oak and ash of my sawing
Into sturdy convenient logs.

With beetle and wedges I split 'em—
The bigger ones, knotted and tough,
And the wedges when squarely I hit 'em
Called deep that primordial bluff.

However embittered and cruel
The nights that are coming may be,
Here's their full measure in fuel
Piled high in the woodshed by me.

When I heave a fresh log on the fire,
And my little brass god starts to
wink

At the flames leaping brighter and
higher,

I stretch out my legs and I think:

Oh, here's the reward of returning
To labours as old as man's days—
Or is it fond fancy it's burning,
My wood, with a livelier blaze?

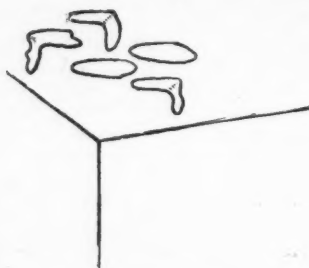
Kitchenette Front

"... COOK over a medium flame until a golden brown, loosen the pancake with a palette knife and shake the pan to prevent sticking. Then, toss the pancake..." This is where I can help.

Beginners make one of two fundamental mistakes according to their complexes. With their wrists turned to water by nervous excitement the ultra-cautious jerk the pan feebly much as a palsied man might ask alms into his hat. The force applied is insufficient for the purpose; the pancake merely rises on one edge, makes a half-turn on an imaginary axis, and crumples into an inert mass resembling an outsize worm-cast. To fail in this way is not only ignominious but cowardly.

A pancake is tossed when it is turned bodily through 180 degrees. Any degrees over and above this figure are useless elaboration and involve grave risks. A complete revolution, if successful, merely restores the *status quo ante bellum*, pale side up. This is what over-confident tossers forget. They aim too high. Still, it is a good fault—provided of course that it can be corrected.

Let us suppose that you have tossed your first pancake, which is now



firmly attached to the ceiling. As you prepare to toss the second pause for a moment and by an effort of will make your mind dwell on lowly things—bed-socks, tripe, poultices and the like. Better still, try to imagine that you are on the planet Mercury, where (I believe) the force of gravity is so weak that a hop would carry a man over a steeple. Then try again.

If you cannot break yourself of the habit of tossing too energetically you must at least take action to neutralize its effects. Try sitting or lying down while you toss the pancake. This gives you a few more feet to play with. By the way, if several pancakes are suspended from the ceiling do not write them off immediately as a dead loss. As the plaster absorbs their moisture their adhesive qualities are reduced. If you hang about for a time in a state of intense alertness, pan in hand, you may be fortunate enough to effect a scoop. It is a good idea for inveterate altitudinarians to keep their eyes on the ceiling even as they toss, for the impact of the fourth or fifth pancake often has the effect of releasing the first.

Should you find that even the prone-



lying position is abortive the best thing is to toss the pancake out of doors well away from overhanging eaves. But in this country one cannot rely on getting more than two or three windless days a year.

This brings me to another point. Make sure that all windows are tightly shut. The nature of pancakes is such that when airborne they are easily deflected from their course by draughts. All too often a promising toss is ruined by a careless catch. The leading edge of the frying pan is sharp enough to cut clean through any pancake which falls foul of it. If the pan is withdrawn slightly in the direction of the pancake's flight the catch will be made more easily than if the pan is left motionless to take the full blow. Any cricketer will readily appreciate this hint.

Well, I have done my best for you. All that remains is for me to complete the quotation with which I began this article "... or turn with a knife." Perhaps it is not so difficult, after all, to toss a pancake. If you see what I mean.

HOD.

Top Secret

["Meanwhile, another stumbling block in the way of an early formation of a world peace organization has cropped up with Russian insistence that the sixteen Soviet Republics shall send one delegate each."—*"New York Herald Tribune"* (Paris Edition), dated 18th January, 1945.]

EAC 445/45

EUROPEAN ADVISORY COUNCIL
(Minutes of the 445th Meeting held in LONDON on 1st April, 1945.)

At 1030 hours the meeting opened with the U.S.S.R. representative in the chair.

Previous Minutes

1. The Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting (EAC 444/45), which were approved subject to the following amendments:

Minute 4, line 2: for "will" read "shall"

Minute 6, line 1: for "shall" read "will"

Minute 14, line 23: for "should" read "would"

Minute 21, line 3: for "labour" read "labor" (Br. representative dissenting)

Minute 23, line 6: for "theater" read "theatre" (U.S. representative dissenting)

Minute 24, line 10: for "LUBLIN COMMITTEE" read "LONDON COMMITTEE" (U.S.S.R. representative dissenting).

Future Organization of TRIPARTITE COUNCIL

2. The U.S.S.R. representative handed in a paper in which his Government stated that it had decided that it would be represented on the TRIPARTITE COUNCIL in BERLIN by one member from each of the states which made up the Soviet Republic. There were sixteen of such States and he proposed, therefore, that the Council be called in future the "UNUMDEVIGINTIPARTITE COUNCIL."

(At this point the meeting went into recess in order that the U.S. representative could get a Latin dictionary.)

3. The meeting having reassembled, a counter proposal was put forward by the secretary that "NOV-DEC-EMIPARTITE" be substituted for "UNUM-DEVINTIPARTITE." This produced a lively but indeterminate discussion which lasted until 1200 hrs. when the meeting again adjourned for lunch.

4. At 1530 hrs. the U.S. representative, being the first back from lunch, took the chair. He introduced to the meeting Mr. John B. Finklestein, Adviser to the U.S. Embassy on Ancient Languages, and informed the British and U.S.S.R. representatives that he considered no useful purpose would be served in continuing the previous discussion until a U.S. counter-proposal had been considered by the committee. He had consulted his Government during the recess and it was prepared to accept the U.S.S.R. proposal for broadening the E.A.C. on condition that his country be represented by one member from each of the United States. There were forty-eight of these (at this point the Br. representative expressed his surprise and stated that according to the records held in the Foreign Office there were only thirteen). Continuing, after some reference to a school-room atlas, the U.S. representative proposed that the TRIPARTITE COUNCIL be called in future the "SEPTEMET-SEXAGINTAPARTITE COUNCIL."

He was also understood to say "Check," but since none of the Central European countries was represented at the meeting this remark was considered irrelevant.

5. The British representative at this point left the meeting, saying that he had an urgent call to make. The meeting therefore adjourned for tea, coffee and vodka.

6. At 1630 hours the U.S. and U.S.S.R. representatives returned to the committee room to find the British member in the chair busily making calculations on the back of an envelope.

On resumption he informed the meeting that his Government was prepared to accept both the Russian and American proposals on condition that each of the Dominions, Colonies, Crown Colonies and Dependencies which made up the British Commonwealth was also represented. A brief calculation led him to believe that these totalled forty-nine. He therefore proposed that the TRIPARTITE COUNCIL be called in future the "CENTUMTETSEDECEMPARTITE COUNCIL." He expressed his warm feelings of friendship for the other members of the Council and their Governments by saying to the U.S.S.R. representative "Mate," and to the U.S. representative "Mate to you, too."

7. Before the Council could continue

with the discussion there was a considerable commotion outside which made further work impossible.

On inquiry it was discovered that a foreigner calling himself "de Gaulle" had attempted to get in but had been overpowered and removed to safe custody.

The time now being 1700 hours, the meeting finally adjourned for dinner.

8. The next meeting of the Council will be held on July 14th.

Joint Secretaries:

JOHN FORTESQUE FITZ MAURICE,
Lt.-Col. (Br.)

OMAR V. STUNTZ, *Major (U.S.)*
SERGE VLADIMARIEV, *General*
(U.S.S.R.).



"Yesterday it got down by itself."



"One and two halves, please."

De Peace Table Blues

WHEN de ole war's over, if deir legs seems able,
De ole politicians go a-racin' for de table,
De great big table for de big peace talks,
Table for de treaty and de hollers and de squawks,
Table for de argyments, table for de fights,
Table for de leftists a-gunnin' for deir rights,
Table for de rightists a-grabbin' what is lef',
Table for de orator a-boooin' to himseff
And a-punchin' de table wif his fist-es (*socco!*),
Table for de Eskimos who suffered in Morocco,
Table for de Moorish minority in Nome,
Table for Bre'r Wolfram and Mister Chrome,
Table for de little guys who walk tippy-toe
(Not caze dey's modest, but dey're higher so)
And de nex' minyut walkin' on deir hands and knees
To prove dey're cripples and dey cain't 'fford fees;
Table for de big guys, allowed to pay
If dey don't ask questions and dey don't get gay;
Table for de teeny little great big guys,
All of dem equal and de self-same size,
Makin' up weight till dey similar as mites. . . .
If you lack 'sponsibility, you add mo' rights,
If you short on charity, you add hope, see?
(It's de age of sobstitoots, so take one free.)
Table for de warriors who're downright vexed
Dey're still in de last war instead of in de next
(Least, dat's what I figger from de way dey talk
And slam de door when away dey walk);
Table for de Word Game . . . ev'ybody play it. . . .
If dey know what dey mean, den dey just don't say it,
If dey know what dey say, den dey don't know what
dey mean
(Less a newspaper helps 'em as a go-between);
Table for de journalists, scribblin' de dope,
Watchin' de sinners froo a mickroscope. . . .

Photos don't lie and neither can a writer,
But negatives sho' makes black look whiter,
And seems enlargements makes things look bigger. . . .
Dat's what it seem to dis po' nigger
Whose eyes is bleary from too much news
And who got de ole Peace Table Blues.

What's on de table, boy? Hands and ink,
Blotters, paper, and pens, I think.
Now, it seem to me what a table's for
(Night-time, day-time, peace or war)
Is to hold up chicken and a glass of beer
Or else corn whisky, pale and clear,
Or even wine, if dat's yo' pizen;
But, brudder, I ask if it's surprisin'
If de conference men gwine cuss and holler
When all dey git is ink to swaller
And words to chew and pens to munch
On de doggone table instead of lunch?
Sho', dey gits deir meals when dey leaves de table
But dat ain't natural. I'm not able
To b'lieve a yuman can sit all day
At a empty table in a frien'ly way.
Ain't no wonder dat dey gits de blues
And acts accordin'. Dey say "Whar de booze?
Whar de eats and de candy and de smokes?
Whar de laffin'? Whar de jokes?
If you-all gwine foller dis yere behaviour,
I'll kick de stuffem outa Mesoposlavia.
If ev'body act so terrible mizzly,
I wants my rights to de half of Siz'ly.
I wants my rights, suh. Hand 'em back.
But most of all, suh, I wants a snack.
I'm yere to fight and I'm tougher dan a rock
And I won't take less dan a litre full of bock."

Yessir, de answer is easy for a pup:
Jus' take dat table and load 'er up.
You've heerd of de groanin' board, of course?
Well, let 'er groan, boy; make 'er hoarse
Dat's a whole lot better dan *people* groanin'.
Not dat I'd mind, some peace-time mo'nin',
To hear a statesman groanin' quiet
In his private bed, say, jus' to try it.
But groans at de table is downright sin
And too contagious . . . de world joins in.
No, we've had too much of dat abuse
And de ole-time empty-table blues.



"It'll only go on its side."

At the Pictures

THRILLERS

The Woman in the Window (Director:

FRITZ LANG) has moved critics to recall *Double Indemnity* and *The Maltese Falcon*, but to suggest its quality I would add the names of two more films with parts of which it has much in common: *Phantom Lady* and *Flesh and Fantasy*. As for its merit, I would say it is not as good as the first two of these four; but in its rather artificial, club-library style it is an effective and well-made piece, absorbing, diverting and full of often painful suspense. It presents EDWARD G. ROBINSON as a college professor of psychology whom we first find pointing out that "The Biblical injunction 'Thou shalt not kill' is one that requires modification" and then watch as he unexpectedly has to test the implications of this statement. I am happy to say that the usual cliché-situation of the shy, meek, ineffectual character among the toughs is avoided, even though not by very much: this professor is, to be sure, a superficially mild man, with a natural caution and a human tendency to forgetfulness, but some strength of character emerges when he is called on to cover up the details of a murder, and his calm as he performs the dangerous and troublesome job of disposing of the corpse is impressive—all the more impressive for being kept with an obvious effort. Mr. ROBINSON will please all his fans, for he is on the screen a great deal of the time: the story is nearly all told through the professor's own experiences. (Without revealing the trick ending, of which there has been a good deal of published disapproval, I can't explain exactly what I think wrong about the one scene that isn't.) JOAN BENNETT unbends a good deal more than usual as the *femme fatale* who involves him in the murder, and DAN DURYEA contributes an excellent sketch of the smooth, hard,

lounging, experienced blackmailer. But the film sets out to excite and entertain, not to establish character, and one can tell how admirably it succeeds by listening to those unmis- takable murmurs of pleasure, amuse-

psychology in it to be described as "psychological" but of course not enough to baffle anybody, is *Guest in the House* (Director: JOHN BRAHM). It is dressed up rather superfluously with an introduction in which ALINE

MACMAHON is called upon to strike a forbidding, gloomy, Wuthering Heights kind of note, staring bleakly into the eye of the camera and hinting at dark matters; but most of it is an admirably managed straightforward story of the collapse of a happy household as the result of the coming of a guest, who proves to be a disrupting influence. ANNE BAXTER does well in this unsympathetic part, and the gradual rotting away of the fabric of comfortable domesticity as the jealous, egotistical, self-dramatizing guest sows her mean suspicions is exceedingly well recorded. The detail too is good; except for the diary, which in common with nearly all film diaries is shown to be written about ten words to the page, though from what we hear its contents seem to be full of elaborate narrative.

The psychology, such as it is, consists in the revelation of the jealousy, selfishness and egotism of the girl; and that naturally depends at least as much on Miss BAXTER's skill as on any penetrating observation or invention of the author's. It is made with the minimum of sly side-glances and the maximum of effect, so that while the most bone-headed members of the audience realize what is going on the quicker-witted have no reason to complain of over-emphasis. The dialogue is fresh and often amusing, and the competence of the other players, too, is a pleasure to watch. They include RALPH BELLAMY as the husband, a commercial artist, RUTH WARRICK as the wife, and MARIE MACDONALD, the young lady who recently broke into the news to assert that her figure, unlike the figures of most Hollywood stars, owed nothing to the make-up men. She plays the artist's model; and who could be more suitable?

R. M.



[The Woman in the Window]

THE MAN IN THE WINDOW

Prof. Wanley EDWARD G. ROBINSON

ment or surprise (much more revealing than momentary loud laughs) that sweep the audience.

An unusually interesting near-thriller of another kind, with enough



[Guest in the House]

RECONNAISSANCE

Hilda MARGARET HAMILTON

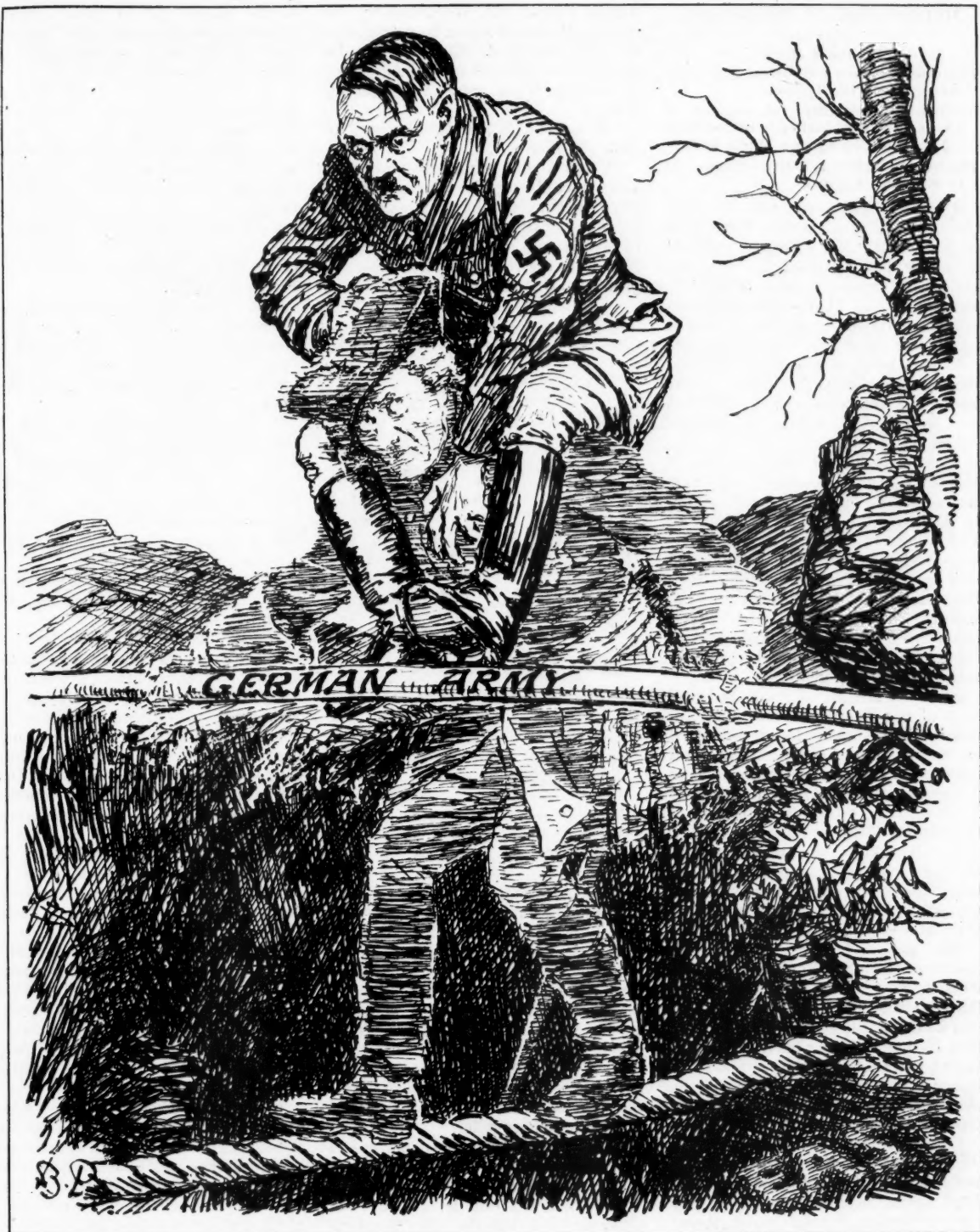


"... jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way . . ."

The Poste-Wif

WITH us also up-on our pilgrimage.
 A poste-wif ther was, of evene age,
 And she was cleped Madame Robinson;
 Up-on hir fet she hadde longe y-gon
 From hus to hus about the tounes lengthe;
 Al lithe were hir limbes and grete of strengthe,
 For she on hem had walked many a mile.
 Ther nas no man that mighte hir be-gile
 To yeven him his lettres by the waye:
 She nolde herkne; she wolde him with saye.
 Bisy she was, and went fro dore to dore;
 Certes in knokkyng nas hir non bi-fore.
 I woot she hadde lettres in hir maille
 Fro Nederlonde and Fraunce and from Itaille,
 And other londes atte worldes ende:
 From werre and prisoun wolde men hem sende

That in hir wordes they mighte holde in
 minde
 Hir tendre wives and childer left be-hinde
 In Engelonde, with sadde and hevy chere,
 Departed from hir lordes, yere on yere.
 At Criste-masse y-lade wolde she be;
 Saint Nikolas she was in hir countree.
 Under hir piked cappe hir lokkes broune
 In wispes softe and crulle hengede doune;
 Of blewe was hir cloke, as I was war;
 Up-on o fingre of hir hand she bar
 A golden ring, ther with she had ben wedd
 By hir dere lorde, that now in Fraunce was
 ded.
 But brave she was, and eke of heigh corage:
 I rood be-side hir in our pilgrimage.



THE ROPE-WALKER

Shade of Frederick the Great: "I know I brought it off—but then I didn't have you on my back."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, February 6th.—House of Commons: Guerrilla Tactics.

Wednesday, February 7th.—House of Lords: The Archbishop is Introduced. House of Commons: Magic Fails.

Thursday, February 8th.—House of Commons: Climax.

Tuesday, February 6th.—It was clear, when Mrs. MAVIS TATE, the elegant M.P. for Frome, walked demurely but purposefully into the House of Commons that somebody was "in for it." That extremely determined lady bore in her arms a formidable dossier, and observant onlookers have learned that when she bears a dossier Mrs. TATE means business. And when she means business somebody—usually a Minister—had better look out.

Everybody looked along the line of Ministers on the Treasury Bench in a sort of sadistic guessing game, trying to identify the prospective victim. The Ministers all took on that "It-is-a-far-far-better-thing" expression that comes to them when faced with the inevitable, and tried to express, silently, sympathy for each other. Meanwhile, Mrs. TATE looked non-committally at the ceiling, keeping her secret and smiling gently.

Suddenly Mr. HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, started, paled. With shaking hand, he turned his papers, conned the Questions—and his own answers. For there, in cold print, was the haunting intelligence: "Mrs. Tate, to ask the President of the Board of Trade . . ."

But it takes a lot to daunt Mr. DALTON, and he got up and made a long statement about babies' teats, which are in short supply (as Lord WOOLTON used to say) in Frome.

The hungriest baby in Somerset could not have leaped on the Minister with more determination or alacrity than did Mrs. TATE. She roundly told him he did not keep his promises, and that she had a dossier (as if we did not know), and that things were not as he had said they were, and she would be obliged if he would sometimes keep his promises!

Poor Mr. DALTON muttered something about "having a dossier too, and that . . ." But it was no use. Mrs. TATE's grim guerrilla tactics (they now call her Marshal Tate-o) had shattered him. So perhaps Frome's bonny babies will now feed in comfort.

Heaving gusty sighs of relief, Ministers took on slightly happier expressions, and Question-time then

proceeded until it was the turn of Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister, to speak. He is not given to paling, but even he looked a trifle shaken as he flipped over his replies and observed, at the top of one page, those fateful words:

"Mrs. Tate, to ask the Secretary of State for War . . ."

It was about people who want to serve in canteens, and who apparently have to supply references signed by "two responsible British male persons" of professional standing. Why, asked Mrs. TATE (in writing) are not women of professional standing allowed to sign?



"I do not want to put too many pints into one quart pot."—Lady Astor, in the Licensing Planning Bill debate.

Sir JAMES replied to the effect that it was news to him that they were not. Mrs. TATE was on him like an extremely trim tigress, but Sir JAMES (who is not in the habit of turning away wrath by any means at all) put on the smile and gave the soft, or at any rate diplomatic, answer that is reputed to have that effect, and lo and behold! the tigress suddenly melted into laughter, in which the entire House joined. And the joke was that there was no joke! It was just sheer relief.

Errors on the Question-paper are so rare that they are worth recording. There was one to-day, and Sir LAMBERT WARD had a "double." Not the alcoholic kind, but the same Question twice. It was to ask about the well-earned gratuities our Service men and women are to get when the war is over. Technically-minded denizens of the Press Gallery (foreseeing the great

display the newspapers would make of the answer to so vital a query) talked contentedly of the "splash" that would, most appropriately, go with Sir LAMBERT's "double."

Sir JOHN ANDERSON (with so much preliminary "sales talk" that everybody began to think there were to be no gratuities after all) announced that all with six months' service or more in the armed forces would get a gratuity, ranging from 10s. a month of service for a humble Private of the Line to 70s. a month for the Great Big General, and 75s. for the Greater and Bigger Field-Marshal.

And, moreover—said Sir JOHN, with the air of the generous uncle who gives a small boy a purse in which to put his "tip"—the payments would be free of tax and be paid into the Post Office Savings Bank.

Full details, said he, would be circulated, and Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD and others, who are used to having a good look into the poke, however glossy and tubby the pig appears to be, said they might have to talk a lot more about the plans later. Sir JOHN nodded resignedly.

Thus passed a memorable Question-time. The business of the day was definitely less exciting.

It may interest historians to know that the Teachers' Superannuation Bill speaks of "women and female teachers." Mr. CHUTER EDE, of the Ministry of Education, who knows all these fascinating and abstruse things, explained that "female" was a hangover from former and less polite times, but that it was necessary to keep both "female" and "women" in the Bill, just in case some wily lawyer should, in years to come, get busy on the distinction. So "women and females" it is.

Members were interested to read in the evening papers that Sir WALTER CITRINE, of the Trades Union Congress, had revealed to a World Trade Union meeting in London that Mr. CHURCHILL was "at that very moment" engaged in talks with President ROOSEVELT and Marshal STALIN. It confirmed their suspicions—but they wondered why the secret had to come out in that particular way.

Wednesday, February 7th.—Lord SIMON having taken his seat on the Woolsack, there was an impressive hush, and then an attendant announced in strident tones: "All ready, Your Grace!" And so the new Archbishop of Canterbury was first introduced—a little informally, perhaps, but quite effectively.

A moment later, attended by the Archbishop of YORK and the Bishop of WINCHESTER, His Grace strode in.



"I've been lecturing on 'The Lancastrian Way of Life' for the Army education people. Through some error I was sent to a Yorkist camp."

On bended knee he handed his writ of summons to the Lord Chancellor. This, read by the Clerk, called on His Majesty's right trusty and well-beloved Counsellor GEOFFREY FRANCIS, Primate of All England and Metropolitan, to give his attendance in Parliament to consider the affairs and dangers impending.

Then Dr. FISHER read the oath of allegiance, raised his hat three times to the Lord Chancellor, and that was that. He sat down precisely where he has sat for years—as Bishop of London. But His Lordship had become His Grace.

Lord VANSITTART then proceeded to bring us all back to what another noble Lord calls the "horridities" of life by moving yet another of his series of motions on the subject of German war criminals. This time the theme was that the rights of neutrals did not extend to giving asylum to war criminals.

The debate was not particularly conclusive.

In the Commons Mr. RICHARD LAW, Minister of State, gave what most

thought to be an admirable potted version of British foreign policy in these words: "It is not the object of British foreign policy to constitute ourselves a sort of honorary nursery governess in liberated countries."

There were strong signs of restiveness against the "Security" which, many Members suspect, is being made the cloak for silence on things that are better talked about. Several Ministers found that their pleas for silence on the ground of Security—which had always worked like a charm hitherto—produced howls of derision.

As any pantomime demon will aver, even the best of magic words loses its potency after a time. Some of the derided Ministers looked around at Mrs. TATE in a baleful way, clearly blaming her for it all. In less enlightened days she might well have gone to the stake as a witch.

Colonel OLIVER STANLEY, the Colonial Secretary, won the Second

Reading of a Bill to give greater financial aid to the Colonies in improving roads, education, water supplies, and so on. It is a subject near the hearts of members of all Parties, and the only doubt was whether the £120,000,000 proposed was enough.

Thursday, February 8th.—Just by way of climax to the week, Mrs. TATE was on the warpath again to-day, with Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Home Secretary, as victim. Her subject was cruelty to children, its prevention and punishment. Mr. MORRISON said he thought the existing law was good enough to meet most cases, but that he was glad to see that public opinion expressed itself when some glaringly inadequate penalty was imposed on those cruel to children.

Mrs. TATE having briefly—but oh! so pointedly—addressed the Minister in reply, the matter dropped for the present.

But, on the highest authority, your scribe is able to deny a report current in political circles that she is forming a National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ministers.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"And now I am ready for the lady who is suffering from claustrophobia."

Not So Silly

A Child's Guide to Parliament—IX

WELL, Rich-ard and I-vy, there are still a few mis-cell-an-e-ous piec-es of in-for-ma-tion which may int-er-est you. Not that I care ver-y much a-bout that. It is, if you will for-give me, a fault of the young-er gen-er-a-tions to-day that so man-y of them think that they need not make an eff-ort un-less they are int-er-est-ed. When I was young it was ver-y diff-er-ent. I was not at all int-er-est-ed in five-fing-er ex-er-cis-es or ev-en in eas-y Stud-ies in A Flat Min-or. I want-ed to dash on to Gil-bert and Sull-i-van at once. But I joll-y well had to go on with my five-fing-er ex-er-cis-es; and now I can play Gil-bert and Sull-i-van, which is more than you will ev-er do, poor Rich-ard, good as you may be at switch-ing on the wire-less.

Well, re-cent-ly, as you may have read, there has been much talk a-bout the shape and size of the Cham-ber of the House of Comm-ons. The old one, you re-mem-ber, was des-troy-ed by the wick-ed Ger-mans; and the ques-tion is, Shall the new one be built more or less like it?

The old one was ob-long in shape and small in size: small, that is, for the num-ber of the Mem-bers—it does not seem small, I can tell you, the first time you stand up and give tongue. There are—how man-y Mem-bers, I-vy? That is a good girl—615. But there were seats for on-ly 346 on the floor of the House, and an-oth-er nine-ty-one up-stairs—437 al-to-geth-er. Well, that sounds ver-y sill-y, does it not, I-vy—not en-ough seats for all the Comm-ons in the House of Comm-ons?

It is not re-al-ly so sill-y. If all the Prot-est-ants in Lon-don de-cid-ed to go to St. Paul's Cath-ed-ral on the same morn-ing there would not be en-ough seats for all of them, would there? But they do not all go. And the fact is that the occ-a-sions on which all the Mem-bers wish to be in the Cham-ber at the same time are ver-y few and far be-tween. Ev-en if the Prime Min-is-ter is mak-ing a great speech a-bout the war there are al-ways man-y who are sick or trav-ell-ing or do-ing oth-er du-ties. On such occ-a-sions there is room for man-y of the over-flow to stand, or squat on the floor—for in-stance at the Bar of the House. There are ev-en some who think that the spec-ta-cle of eag-er leg-is-lat-ors stand-ing or squatt-ing in ev-er-y odd corn-er adds ex-cite-

ment and im-port-ance to the scene, be-sides ad-ver-tis-ing the pow-ers of en-dur-ance and read-i-ness to suff-er of Hon-our-a-ble and Right Hon-our-a-ble Mem-bers.

But of course we do not have "his-tor-ic occ-a-sions" and mag-ni-fi-cent or-a-tions ev-er-y day; and what is much more im-port-ant is that the Cham-ber should be suit-a-ble for the ord-in-ar-y day, the ord-in-ar-y dull day, when there may nev-er be more than, say, fif-ty to a hun-dred Mem-bers pres-ent at the same time. We are in Comm-itt-ee, per-haps, on the I-vy Christ-mas Dinn-er Bill, de-cid-ing the small points—what kind of stuff-ing, and how man-y crack-ers, and shall there be mince-pies as well as pudd-ing. In this kind of work loud and e-lo-quent speech-es are out of place. The Mem-bers talk in a conver-sat-ion-al tone, as per-sua-sive-ly as they can. This is the re-al work of the House, and that is the best way to do it. But you could not do it so well in a great barn of a place with seats—and desks—for 615 peo-ple.

But that is what some of the re-form-ers would like. They want a large sem-i-cir-cu-lar Cham-ber, like the Dress Cir-cle at the Ly-ce-um, ris-ing to a great height at the back. Ev-er-y Mem-ber would have his own seat, with per-haps a desk, and an ink-pot and a place for books and pa-pers and so on: and, as Mr. Church-ill point-ed out, they could bang the lids of the desks if they were care-less or ang-ry, which would be far from help-ful to the con-duct of bus-i-ness.

That is the sort of place they have on the Con-ti-nent. Be-fore the war your Un-cle Hadd-ock att-end-ed a sitt-ing of the French Cham-ber of Dep-u-ties and he was all a-gainst it. It is so big that I do not see how you could make a qui-et speech, in a conver-sat-ion-al tone. You would have to shout, and wave your arms: and that is not at all the style for Comm-itt-ee work.

And more im-port-ant still is the shape. The shape, I-vy, is not so dem-o-crat-ic as ours. I see that you are shock-ed, and I will try to ex-plain. Our Cham-ber, as I said, is ob-long: the Gov-ern-ment sit on one side and the Opp-os-it-ion part-y, or part-ies, sit on the oth-er, fac-ing the Min-is-ters. "Fac-ing", Rich-ard. That means that the Opp-os-it-ion lead-ers, and ev-en the wild back-bench-ers be-hind them, are on-ly a few yards from the King's Min-is-ters. The reb-el fire-brand who is speak-ing can fix the Min-is-ter with his fi-er-y eye, and the Min-is-ter must meet it: he can shake his fist

acc-us-ing-ly and the Min-is-ter must suff-er qui-et-ly: he can say that the Min-is-ter is murd-er-ing the moth-ers or grind-ing the fac-es of the poor and the Min-is-ter must pay att-ent-ion. In-deed, if he allows his att-ent-ion to wan-der for a mo-ment the reb-el in with-er-ing tones will in-vite him to lend his ear, how-ev-er re-luct-ant-ly, to the plea of those whom he has so shame-ful-ly be-tray-ed. And if some oth-er Min-is-ter whis-pers a hum-or-ous comm-ent and he is in-caut-i-ous en-ough to smile the speak-er will bitt-er-ly ob-serve that it is eas-y for well-fed Min-is-ters to laugh, but to him at least the starv-ing of the poor is a ser-i-ous matt-er, so will the Min-is-ter kind-ly take that smile off his face. You see what I mean, Rich-ard? Those who are en-e-mies,

their jokes. They did not pay the small-est att-ent-ion to the litt-le man. I do not think that an-y-one did. The place was too big: and it was the wrong shape.

You see the diff-er-ence, Rich-ard? Ov-er there the "back-bench-er" re-al-ly is a "back-bench-er". But here he can meet the Min-is-ters on (al-most) eq-u-al terms.

Where they have a sem-i-cir-cu-lar Cham-ber like that they talk a-bout the Part-ies of the Right and the Part-ies of the Left, acc-ord-ing to the side they sit. Some of the re-form-ers have be-gun to talk like that, and that is one reas-on why they would like to have a dress cir-cle in-stead of a Cham-ber.

I would ex-plain all this if I had time, I-vy, ex-cept that I think that it is rath-er non-sense, and prett-y un-Eng-lish. Cert-ain-ly, it has not pro-duc-ed so high a state of happ-i-ness on the Con-ti-nent that we need be mad-ly keen on hav-ing it here. The gen-er-al i-de-a, how-ev-er, is that Con-ser-v-a-tives sit on the right and the Ra-di-cals or Soc-i-al-ists on the left. Well, in our hum-ble House of Comm-ons the Con-serv-a-tives sit on the right of the Speak-er, and the Soc-i-al-ists and Ra-di-cals and Re-vol-ut-ion-ar-ies sit on the left. So what is an-y-one com-plain-ing a-bout?

A. P. H.

ONCE more Britons are going forth to the assault against the German enemy as they have against foreign enemies in the past. And if we cannot all man the tanks and guns, pilot the planes and sail the ships, we can all take part in this mighty effort. To those who must stay behind we say

PLEASE

send a donation to Mr. PUNCH'S COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

Lines Inspired by Major Thrust

WHAT leagues apart we are,
my love.
To-night you seem as far
As London is from Washington
Or Omsk from Zanzibar.

I wonder, does my image seem
As far away to you?
Or more like Dover to Cologne,
Or Aberdeen to Crewe?

Though you are cold in Belgium
And I am cold at home,
Between us lies a gulf as wide
As Zion is from Rome.

But soon I'll see you at our gate;
Across the lawn you'll bound
(About the distance of the Ritz
From Green Park Underground).

Oh, then I'll tear my apron off
And race to bring you in;
The Russians won't be in it
With their gallop on Berlin. M. D.

At the Play

"QUALITY STREET" (EMBASSY)

BARRIE's blue-and-white Regency sampler is well preserved, though with the years a few of the threads in its affectionate cross-stitching have worked awry. To-day the pattern adorns the stage of the Embassy Theatre at Swiss Cottage, bombed early in the war and now happily restored to duty. Even those who would have preferred a new piece for the occasion must allow that this is a gentle and disarming revival.

Ungraciously we may weary a little of grace—of sweetness unalloyed and light undimmed. But ever BARRIE's humour steals beneath our guard: again and again, when the scene has been "overflowed with a honey-bag," we are thrust suddenly into relieving laughter. There have been revivals more at ease than this. Still, the Embassy cast does not labour the quaintness unduly. If *Phæbe* of the Ringlets and sister *Susan* are not in earnest, if suggestions of patronage ruffle the harmony of the blue-and-white room, then the play must droop and pine. At the Embassy Miss LINDEN TRAVERS and—in particular—Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON never under-rate their parts. Miss FORBES-ROBERTSON is a joy, even if we cannot believe that the elder *Miss Throssel*, who beneath her sedate exterior is a whole torchlight procession, is entirely BARRIE's idea of the lavender-laid spinster of Quality Street. No one will worry. Whether she is being conspiratorial or vaguely instructive, elaborately sociable or bemused by algebraic signs and wonders, the newest *Miss Susan* (can she be *Peter Pan's* aunt?) is, from first to last, a dear. There the actress is undeniably faithful to her author. Miss TRAVERS, in spite of her sincerity, takes some time to persuade us that she can play *Phæbe Throssel*. This is not ideal casting, but the actress manages the later scenes with an agreeable tact. She finds a thoroughly good *Valentine* in Mr. GEOFFREY TOONE, who can cut the

right sort of dash: he is at his strongest after the ball is over.

The cast is furnished with "elegant and respectable females," Miss WINIFRED OUGHTON among them; the chatter-chorus is in eager voice; and that irresistible Irishman Mr. TONY QUINN, as the *Recruiting Sergeant*, decorates his five minutes—BARRIE should have been more generous here—with a powerful accent and a pair of sparkling eyes. Unlike some revivals the production does establish *Quality*



SMART SOLDIER SEES THROUGH THE CAMOUFLAGE

Miss Phæbe Throssel Miss LINDEN TRAVERS
Valentine Brown MR. GEOFFREY TOONE
Miss Susan Throssel Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON

Street as a place as well as a name. We know that the windows of the blue-and-white room give indeed upon a demure backwater of a demure country town, excitingly aglow for once with the scarlet of the military beside the maidenly muslin. It cannot be far, surely, from the Budmouth of Hardy's Hussars:

Will they archly quiz and con us
With a sideways glance upon us,
While our spurs *Clink! Clink!* up the
Esplanade and down?

It has been pleasant to go back. Now it remains only to thank the *Misses Throssel* for having us, and to

hope that Mr. ANTHONY HAWTREY, the producer, has a new play or two in the bag. A refurbished Embassy cannot live by revivals alone. J. C. T.

"MEET THE NAVY" (LONDON HIPPODROME)

Meet the sea-lions. Meet Mr. ROBERT GOODIER, dumbly eloquent, eloquently dumb. Meet Mr. JOHN PRATT, in love with grief. Meet Mr. A. CAMERON GRANT, bestowing his bounty with a nicely sibilant sneer.

Meet Mr. OSCAR NATZKE, on song's full tide. Meet Mr. ALAN LUND and Miss BLANCHE LUND (invitation to the waltz). Meet the Wrens who are also water-sprites. In short, meet the Royal Canadian Navy—and like it.

The occasion had sounded a trifle ominous. It might so easily have been an orgy of hulla-baloo-belaying. Actually it proved to be a revue professional in its excellence. Playgoers need not expect a sit-round, a horn-pipe-and-chanty sing-song. The hornpipes and chants are there—better done than usual—but this is a fresh Navy mixture. Dancing Wrens, singing seamen, waltzing LUNDS—the revue's precision and pace may startle at first. Still, as Mr. PRATT says in his flower of ditties all, "You'll get used to it." This Mr. PRATT, you must realize, is as sorrowful as Peter Doody. He was born to woe. Dolorously he views the Seven Seas and finds them wanting. One day—if he is not tossed to the sharks by his infuriated messmates—he

will end as an Ancient Mariner: albatross-shooting is in his blood. Meanwhile he drifts upon the Hippodrome stage and tells us not to despair. "You'll get used to it," he intones hopelessly. It is a lingering dirge, the plaint of a strand of seaweed. When we see him last he is in the costume of Fletcher Christian, taking a solemn header into the Pacific.

Mr. GRANT, the Bligh of a crisp sketch by Mr. NOEL LANGLEY, is a bountiful comedian, riding now upon Laughtonesque breakers, now (in his own person) asking us if we have heard this one. Mr. GOODIER mimes with inspiration, and we remember too the

Muscovite balalaikas, the evolutions of Wrens and ratings, and the rich booming of Mr. NATZKE. The production has both salt and pepper in it. These Canadian Navy weeks, profits from which will go to British charity, must be manned as fully in the audience as on the stage. J. C. T.

Economic Slang—a Glossary

WHAT is this thing called Economics? Or to put the question in another form, what are these things called Economics? It is a question seldom far from the lips. People everywhere are asking it—sometimes in unison but more often contrapuntally—and the answers, if any are forthcoming, are totally unsatisfactory. "Read Bohnkraft and Stilth," says the professional economist, "but for Harry's sake try to keep an open mind." You buy Bohnkraft and Stilth, you read them, and you don't have to struggle very hard to keep an open mind.

It is dreadful stuff. The print is much too small and far too frequent. The illustrations are flat and lifeless and their captions seem interchangeable. Worse still, the books are written in a new language. It is not exactly foreign. Some words like "the" and "for" are easily recognized, and the eye falls on them with relish. But they are not enough to sustain long chapters. The mind begins to weary of the repetition of the device and loses interest. In time the print becomes blurred and full stops flash by like telegraph poles seen from an express train.

It is with these things in mind that I have set myself to compile this glossary. Those who master it and make it their own are only doing their duty as citizens. They will learn to understand what happens in Parliament. But they could, if driven to it, use this information to crash into the text-book racket themselves. Very well, then.

Bank Rate. Every week the directors of the Bank of England meet to decide how much interest there should be in money. The directors themselves are of course disinterested.

The Bank Rate is always expressed as so much per cent. (that is, never as so much in the pound). Some authorities contend that the sign %, which is a rearrangement of 100, is copied from a blotting-pad sketch of an early

Governor—a man with a lean and gilt-edged look.

$$100 = \frac{100}{100} = \%$$

It should be noted that the B.R. determines the rate at which bank managers shake their heads to and fro. But it has nothing whatever to do with the dirty supercilious look that invariably accompanies such activity.

The Quantity Theory. There are many definitions of this—all equally precise and different only in meaning. Put in its simplest form the theory states that the value of money varies inversely with its quantity—that the more one has of the stuff the less valuable it becomes. This is incontestable. For many people every additional pound earned is worth only

ten shillings. Very rich people, I am told, find a pound note worth only sixpence. All this may sound very obvious and sinister, but the theory has held good for so long that it would be a pity to disprove it altogether.

Marginal Utility. This is the very substance of economics and I can best explain it by examples. Let us suppose that you are fire-watching. Now, let A equal the first glass, B the second glass, and so on. Then the satisfaction derived from C is less than that derived from A, B or D because C is your round.

Now, suppose that the drinking is continued. Surely, says the economist, since the utility of each successive glass diminishes a margin of doubt will eventually be reached. The time will come when you hesitate to accept another glass. Which is absurd.





"Now are there any questions for the Professor? Because if not he's just got nice time to catch the six-forty-five back to town."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Swift

APPARENTLY Miss ELIZABETH MYERS has read Swift, for in the introduction to *The Basilisk of St. James's* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 9/6), a novel which centres round Swift at the height of his political power, Miss MYERS says that "the dark star [Swift] may be glimpsed through an interpretation of the man based on his own works and amplified in the whispering galleries of the imagination." Unfortunately the spell that Swift has cast upon Miss MYERS has stopped a long way short of chastening her prose style, which recalls rather the untutored luxuriance of Mrs. Amanda Ros, a past-mistress in the art of amplifying in the whispering galleries of the imagination, than the bleak simplicity of the author of *A Modest Proposal* and *Gulliver's Travels*. In a slanging-match with a Billingsgate fish-woman Swift prepares "to marshal his own ruinous words from the depths of his unshockable impassivity." His thoughts turning to his campaign against Marlborough, he reflects—"And with consummate cold ease, with insufferably competent argument, none other than himself had written Marlborough down from the highest place in Europe!" The "violent colourful swirl" of the London streets "formed a loud flaring montage of lasting speculation to a public commentator as he was." Having conceived the idea of *Gulliver's Travels*, he soliloquizes—"They will gobble down my crisp gingerbread and, as they come to the end of the meal, they will find that they have swallowed poison! O larrity—larrity—larrity—loo! O jingle and spingle and jingle again!" Clearly Swift's baneful effect on

women has not ceased with his death. Nevertheless, there is much that is moving in the book, and many wild gleams of poetry, especially in the pages devoted to Vanessa's love for Swift. Swift, the *eminence grise* of the Tories, Swift, the friend of wits and poets, Swift, the connoisseur of low life, does not live in these pages. Nor, even, does Swift, the lover. But Swift, the beloved, has, through Miss MYERS's intense sympathy with Vanessa, the kind of reality he may have possessed in Vanessa's eyes. "I loved one who exceeded all human proportions," Vanessa says at the close, and that doubtless is how she felt about Swift, since she died when he broke with her. For a work of art, however, emotion must be remembered in tranquillity, not in delirium, and by identifying herself too completely with Vanessa Miss MYERS has thickened instead of helping to disperse the fog of unreality in which Swift has been enveloped by most of those who have written about him.

H. K.

Hortus Non Siccus

Those who find contemporary youth over-dependent on organized amusement should be the first to acclaim any signs of a return to the resourcefulness and frugality of the Victorians. For them *A Prospect of Flowers* (CAPE, 10/6) should evoke not only memories but hopes. Here you have a poet—this is Mr. ANDREW YOUNG's first prose work—who has so sweetened his own life with distilled flower-lore that he can spare chunks of honeycomb for his neighbours. As a child he took to wild-flower hunting as an excuse for truancy. He ended by loving the flowers for their habitats and their habitats for the flowers. When he could not scour the countryside he scoured libraries, not only for herbals (now rather over-exploited) but for other men's discoveries and comments. For him Tertullian culled spirituality from the hedgerow; for him Chapman (after Ovid) spoke mysteriously of "cuplike Twillpants"; and for him Mrs. George Herbert dosed her husband's parish with Wiltshire simples, eschewing "outlandish gums." His own botanical expeditions are merrily described, with portraits of latter-day "botanophils," including those dishonest enthusiasts who, as in Gerard's day, plant rarities in the wilderness in order to acquire the kudos of finding them. His enchanting book is not a book for everybody. It is *the* book for somebody.

H. P. E.

Halo, Halo

Something queer is afoot on the other side of the Atlantic. I do not refer to the after-ripples of the Chicago Conference, nor to the repercussions inevitably engendered by Senator Huckleberry's uncompromising remarks at the United Egg Conference, but rather to the rethurbations of what appears to be a new religion. I deduce its existence from the ecstatic eulogy with which Miss DOROTHY PARKER prefaces the English edition of Mr. JAMES THURBER's collection of drawings, *Men, Women and Dogs* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 10/6). She seems to regard them as the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to the human race. The fact is that good line needs no lush; and though most of us will readily admit that Mr. THURBER is funny, this sort of adulation makes one think twice about whether he is as funny as all that. Personally I like him better in prose, where his range is wider. Whereas that brilliant piece "The Night the Bed Fell on Father" (or words to that effect) would still make me laugh at dawn on Monday, not all of these drawings would make me smile late on a Saturday evening. Mr. THURBER, who is at times a master of situation, is also extremely lazy. More than half his

characters seem to inhabit the same suburban sitting-room, with its sofa, its oblong landscape and its standard lamps. In this collection alone there are forty-two plain examples of the latter and twenty-three of the model in which he corkscrews the flex round the trunk of the lamp. But of course he is funny. "It's a naive domestic burgundy without any breeding, but I think you'll be amused by its presumption" ranks high; so does the one, to which Miss PARKER draws attention, where a lady says sharply to a hippopotamus standing indigestibly over a pipe, a boot and a hat "What have you done with Dr. Millmoss?" And I like as much as any the little toenail sketches, particularly those of people settling their differences by force.

E. O. D. K.

Salt Without Savour

Two considerations emerge from Mr. HALLDOR LAXNESS'S long ghoulish novel about his native Iceland: that a peasantry that entangles itself with world-markets is lost, and that a peasant culture cannot survive without a transcendent religion. The superior spirits who prey on the animated corpses of this nineteenth-century saga are the minister, the lady of the manor, the schoolmaster and the banker. No one seems moved to give Christian care to the luckless men and women who wrest a precarious livelihood from coarse fish and diseased sheep. The book's hero, the "independent" crofter *Bjartur*, is convinced that religion, culture, education and finance are his enemies—and he is not far wrong. He takes a haunted holding where he can start as his own master; but he is fooled none the less. The minister—who breeds good rams—provides a perfunctory service when the manor ties *Bjartur* up to an incontinent maid-servant. A schoolmaster seduces his wife's daughter. *Independent People* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 12/6) ends with an impassioned arraignment of the last war, which raised the crofter's earnings and "standards," only to leave him a prey to moneylenders—with machines to sell and mortgages to foreclose. Mr. J. A. THOMPSON translates this perhaps unduly jaundiced chronicle into vigorous English.

H. P. E.

Mr. T. S. Eliot and Virgil

What is a Classic? (FABER, 3/6) is Mr. T. S. ELIOT'S address to the Virgil Society, of which he is the first President. Virgil is to Mr. ELIOT what Milton was to Matthew Arnold, with whom both as a poet and a critic Mr. ELIOT has a certain affinity. In his essay on Milton, Arnold converts that poet into a kind of court of final appeal on poetical matters, and Mr. ELIOT treats Virgil in much the same way. Just as Matthew Arnold used Milton to depreciate Shakespeare, so Mr. ELIOT uses Virgil to depreciate Goethe and Blake. Goethe, he says, is not a universal classic, like Virgil; and to admire Blake's philosophy is to be provincial, provincialism being the result of not applying to literature the classical measure which we owe to Virgil more than to any other poet. All this will satisfy those who share Mr. ELIOT'S view that Virgil, "the consciousness of Rome," has "the centrality of the unique classic; he is at the centre of European civilization." It will appeal less to those who do not consider Rome to be the only channel through which truth has flowed into the world, and find more inspiration in Blake's flashes than in the steady illumination directed by Virgil on imperial Rome. What Virgil the human being felt is more interesting than what Virgil the authoritarian declaimed, and there is a sentence about Aeneas towards the close of this address which suggests how profoundly Mr. ELIOT could interpret Virgil—"His reward was hardly more than a narrow

beach-head and a political marriage in a weary middle age; his youth interred, its shadow moving with the shades the other side of Cumæ."

H. K.

A Punch Fantasy

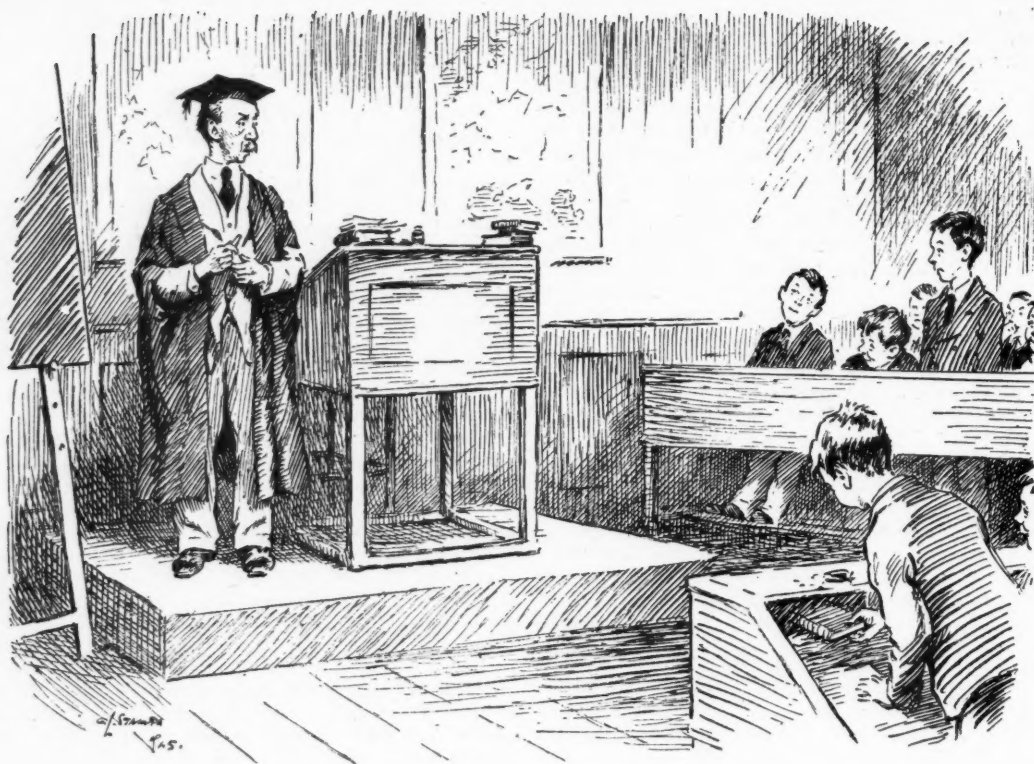
Periodically the three-hundred-and-more-years-old play of *Punch and Judy* is reprinted. (Miss Rose Fyleman reprinted it, with agreeable coloured illustrations, only the other day.) But the point of Mr. FRANK BAKER'S *Playing With Punch* (T. V. BOARDMAN, 7/6) is less to remind us yet again of the most comical of tragedies than to give us, side by side with the old text in Payne Collier's transcription, a version of his own written for live actors. This play was first acted in a church hall at Grimsby in September 1943, and was then taken on a tour that comprised many small towns in the north of England, Scotland, and the Orkneys. "Generally speaking," Mr. BAKER tells us, "it was received with enthusiasm; and where it failed, it was a deadly failure." The truth is that the old play does not need refurbishing, and it is open to doubt (each successive new transcription opens the doubt, so to speak, still wider) whether live actors can ever perform this play in any of its versions as well as the puppets endeared from childhood. To give it flesh-and-blood elaboration is to mar its pristine simplicity. Mr. Punch's "rusty" voice—the adjective is Swift's—summons us to see how that villain-hero, jovial iniquity personified, triumphed over law, order, the Devil, and Death itself. To bring in live actors is to bring in moral order, a grown-up conception with which the piece has no concern. It is always possible that Mr. BAKER is less naïve than he pretends to be, and subtler than he seems. His book, at least, is charmingly produced, and its lay-out has a freakish inconsequent air, not out of harmony with its distinguished subject.

A. D.



Hollowood

"Two volunteers—and ONLY two—one pace forward—march!"



"That's the second time this term, Hawkins minor, that you've asked me whether Himmler was once a schoolmaster."

Captain's Rounds

MY crew never quite knows whether to welcome the advent of Saturday or not. In its favour is the end of what my crew honestly believes to have been a week of arduous toil. Against it is the bogy of Captain's Rounds.

Captain's Rounds (I am a Captain for Saturday morning and a Commanding Officer all the rest of the week) is—or are—the weekly inspection of the whole ship to ensure that she is thoroughly clean. Theoretically of course she is always thoroughly clean. In practice Friday afternoon and the earlier part of Saturday are given over to a feverish wash-and-brush-up. On Friday a certain languidness can be seen. Plenty of time to-morrow, they think.

When Saturday comes, however, they have changed their views and they are earnestly in favour of the entire business being given a miss. They still have a ridiculous hope that, left to myself, I may forget about Rounds. And *they* aren't going to remind me.

That is why their one ambition is to get me ashore on a Saturday morning. They begin their campaign while I am still at breakfast.

"Boat alongside, sir," says the Cox'n, poking an innocent head into the cabin.

"Thank you, Cox'n," I say politely. "It isn't wanted."

He lingers. There is something of dissatisfaction in his face.

"It's been to most of the other trots first, sir," he says temptingly. "It'll be going pretty well straight ashore."

"Let it."

"Thought you was going ashore?"

"Cox'n, you thought nothing of the kind!"

"It isn't the Marines' boat, either, sir—it's the Wrens'."

This inducement does not deflect me from my purpose.

"Tell the watchman to send it off. Oh, and Cox'n."

"Sir?"

"I'll be doing Rounds at eleven-thirty."

His brow wrinkles in perplexity. "Rounds? To-day, sir?"

"Usual day for them, isn't it?"

"Is it Saturday to-day?" he asks in tones of baby wonderment.

"You know dam' well it is! Go on—get rid of that boat, and then go below and get the lads cracking when they've had breakfast."

I finish my own breakfast. Number One disappears below with the kindly intention of offering suggestions when imagination flags concerning what might be cleaned next. At ten o'clock a further attempt to seduce me is made. A.B. Short presents himself with a nose tastefully garnished with metal-polish and announces with some briskness that the dinghy is over the side and waiting for me.

"Dinghy? I didn't ask for the dinghy!" I exclaim.

"No, sir. But I thought, Saturday morning and all, you'd be wanting to row over for a yarn with your oppo on—I mean, sir, with the Commanding Officer on the next trot."

"Possibly—after Rounds."

"Aye, aye, sir," agrees Mr. Short lugubriously, and withdraws.

I remain in my cabin. It is not playing the game to wander round the ship while the frantic preparations are in progress. At eleven-twenty-five Number One rushes in and begs for fifteen minutes' grace. Job taking a bit longer than he thought—comes of coaling ship yesterday. Fifteen minutes—that's all. He rushes away again.

At five minutes to twelve, Number One and the Cox'n appear and announce somewhat smugly, "Ready for Rounds, sir."

The mess-deck first. The corticined deck is damply shining. A few seamen are standing at a self-conscious compromise between Attention and At-Ease. An exception is the newest O.D., who is discovered to be giving way to slumber in the hammock-nets. Chased out of this by a scandalized A.B. Short, newest O.D. grumbles that he's Harry Flakers after all that something scrubbing, and he further invites A.B. Short to undergo a taxidermic operation.

(Newest O.D. will not be seen ashore for ten days.)

The public hope and expectation is that, having approved the corticine, I shall withdraw. Instead of which I poke into such odd corners as my experience advises.

"What the devil's all this, Cox'n?" I inquire, flashing my torch in the vicinity of the coal-bunker.

"Oh, that's just old seaboots and a lot of gash, sir. You don't want to take no notice of that."

I explain to the Cox'n that he is mistaken—I *do* want to take notice of it. The erring O.D. is awarded a little advance punishment in the shape of fatigue-work.

I pass into the galley, where the cook is primly polishing a pan. It is a pan he keeps ready polished specially for Rounds. However, I drop the usual commendation. You have to keep on the right side of the cook. It requires flattery to get a seaman to take over the job, and something like overt bribery to keep him in it.

I proceed into the engine-room, but I do not linger here. My knowledge of engines is small, and if I ventured on criticism (never, it must in fairness be said, justified here) the Motor Mechanic would gleefully involve me in technicalities from which there is no succour but unmanly retreat.

Still accompanied by the First Lieutenant and the Cox'n, I go out on deck again. Inspect the heads, the wash-place, and the Army shelter. A

cigarette-stub in the latter is attributed to the Army's negligence. (It is now over a fortnight since we had the Army on board.) I am about to raise the lid of the decontamination-bin when I notice a look of agonized appeal on Number One's face, and one of stoical resignation on the Cox'n's. I desist.

(Subsequent inquiry of Number One reveals that he has lent himself party to a conspiracy in that they clean overlooked until too late a string of dhobi-ing hung up to dry in the Army shelter, and that Number One himself hastily bundled it into the bin while the Cox'n thoughtfully directed my attention to a well-polished tap in the wash-place. I regretfully remember that two shirts of my own must have been in the bundle, and can only trust that they both drew good inside places.)

We walk with perhaps a slightly processional air along the tank-hold and take a look at the for'ard winches. In the starboard winch a rather considerable tangle of ropes evokes my censure. It appears, however, they have all been got ready to have eyesplices put in them. The Cox'n thinks of that one. Number One had begun a rather greater improbability—something to do with measuring them—but he ceases with relief when he sees the Cox'n has things under control.

Finally, we climb on to the bridge. An open novel in the chart-table suggests that perhaps the watchman does not devote his entire attention to keeping V/S watch on the shore signal-station. Cox'n refutes this, and claims it must have been left by the chap who came on board from the next craft to borrow our Aldis lantern.

We descend again to the upper deck, and halt outside the cabin.

"Thank you, Number One," I say ceremonially. "Not at all bad—very satisfactory, on the whole."

"Thank you, sir," says Number One, also ceremonially, and with rather unconvincing gratitude.

We disperse. Captain's Rounds is over for another week. Half an hour later, the Flotilla Officer drops on board on the off-chance of my having a little gin left, this now being quite a quest as the alcoholic month is well advanced. He glances despairingly round my cabin.

"Honestly, you ought to get married," the F.O. tells me. "Books, papers, signals—everything everywhere. The untidiest cabin in the whole Flotilla."

Carpet Trouble

To W/Cdr. Testy (K.7 Branch)

IT has been reported to me this afternoon (Monday) by Mr. Fyle, Clerical Officer, that there is a carpet on the floor of the small office (Room 206) occupied by Pilot-Officer Nosedye, recently posted to this Branch of the Ministry. The regulations allow for the provision of carpets only to rooms occupied by personnel of the rank of Group Captain and upwards—and of course the equivalent Civil Service grades, Principal Officers and upwards. As the Branch's senior Civil Servant, I feel I should bring this breach of regulations to your attention



"Play Mrs. Barker that thing that made Rex bite Mrs. Simpson."

as Head of the Branch. Should not some action be taken?

1.1.45 A. PERUSAL
Higher Clerical Officer.

To Mr. Perusal

You take what action you like. My own feeling is that if P.O. Nosedyve wants a carpet and has got a carpet, it's O.K. Knowing the Ministry's methods, however, it's highly probable that he doesn't want a carpet but has been given one, while some other poor devil who has been clamouring for one for months, still hasn't got it.

2.1.45 V. TESTY, W/Cdr.

To Office Keeper, Memo House.

I have learned that a carpet has been issued to Room 206, the occupant of which only holds Pilot Officer's rank. Will you please say by what authority this has been done?

3.1.45 A. PERUSAL,
Higher Clerical Officer, K.7 (b).

To K.7 (b) (Mr. Perusal)

No authority has been given for a carpet in Room 206, and I can't trace that a carpet has been issued. Would you verify that Room 206 actually has a carpet, or alternatively that the room with the carpet is actually 206.

5.1.45 I. DESKORTHY,
Office Keeper.

To P.O. Nosedyve

It has been stated to me that there is a carpet in your room, No. 206. Can you advise me as to the veracity or otherwise of this statement?

6.1.45 A. PERUSAL, H.C.O.

To Mr. Perusal

Yes, there is. It wasn't here when I left last Saturday afternoon, but was when I came on Monday morning. It's a bit moth-eaten in one corner, and I'd prefer a brighter colour, but I'm not complaining.

8.1.45 P. J. NOSEDYVE, P.O.

To Office Keeper

There is, I understand, no doubt of a carpet's presence in Room 206 as from Monday 1st inst. Though W/Cdr. Testy (Head of Branch) appears to be quite unconcerned, considerable restiveness is becoming apparent on the civilian side of the branch owing to the possession of a carpet by an officer not entitled to that distinction. P.O. Nosedyve, moreover, actually states he is not complaining of the fact that there are moth-holes and that the colour is not to his liking, which would appear to add insult to injury. Please take necessary action from your end.

9.1.45 A. PERUSAL, H.C.O.

To K.7 (b) (Mr. Perusal)

I'm trying to find out whether Room 206 was furnished in error for a Group Captain (or Principal Officer) to whom subsequently another room was allotted, and who may now be deficient of a carpet.

11.1.45 I. DESKORTHY,
Office Keeper.

To Office Keeper, Memo House

Please say how this Room 206 carpet question stands. If this state of affairs persists it may result in considerable ill-feeling between the Service and Civil sides. You are doubtless aware that a Group Captain's rank is immediately obvious from his uniform, whereas an equally ranking Principal Officer of the Civil Service can only be distinguished by the presence of a carpet in his office. It is therefore a privilege which must be jealously guarded.

22.1.45 A. PERUSAL, H.C.O.

K.7 (b) (Mr. Perusal)

There seems to be no G/Capt. without his carpet. It cannot, of course, be an Air Commodore's, because a conference table and eight chairs would have been there too. Room 206 is too small for these and besides they would

have been noticed by now. It looks as though the P.O. is somehow or other in unauthorized possession of a Government carpet. Could you ask him tactfully how he came by it?

27.1.45 I. DESKORTHY,
Office Keeper.

To P.O. Nosedyve

The Government carpet in your room appears to be unauthorized. Can you give me any idea how it came there?

31.1.45 A. PERUSAL, H.C.O.

To Mr. Perusal

Sorry, but it isn't a Government carpet. It's my mother's. I thought I'd like a carpet to go over the chilly oil-cloth, so I brought it down here one Sunday. You never asked me how it got there before, only if it existed.

3.2.45 P. J. NOSEDYVE, P.O.

To P.O. Nosedyve

The question of unauthorized private furnishing of a Government office will have to be taken up at a higher level.

5.2.45 A. PERUSAL, H.C.O.

To Mr. Perusal

You've got a private desk-lamp in your office.

6.2.45 P. J. NOSEDYVE, P.O.

To P.O. Nosedyve

The desk-lamp is for the benefit of my eyesight and I hold a medical certificate.

7.2.45 A. PERUSAL, H.C.O.

To P.O. Nosedyve from F/Lt. Firstayde,
Medical Officer

DEAR PETER,—I think it's quite a good joke. Here's the certificate you ask for.

Yours, JACK.

[Enclosure]

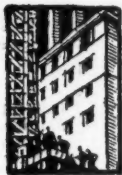
Certified that it is beneficial for Pilot Officer Nosedyve to have a carpet in his office, in order to prevent him getting cold feet during war-time. A. A.



Fengood

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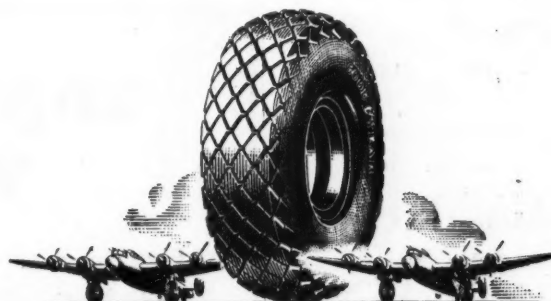


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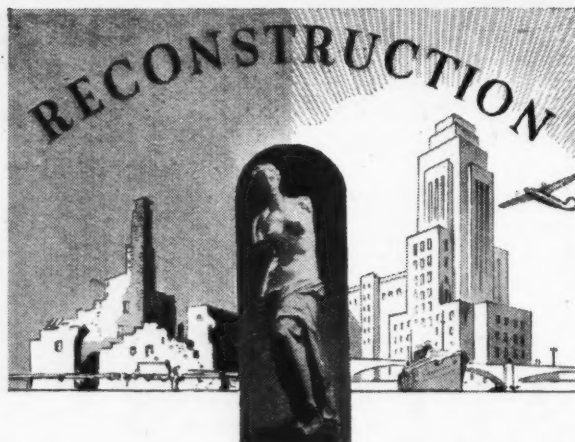
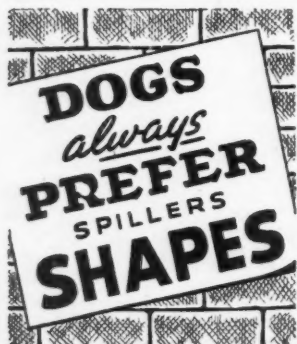
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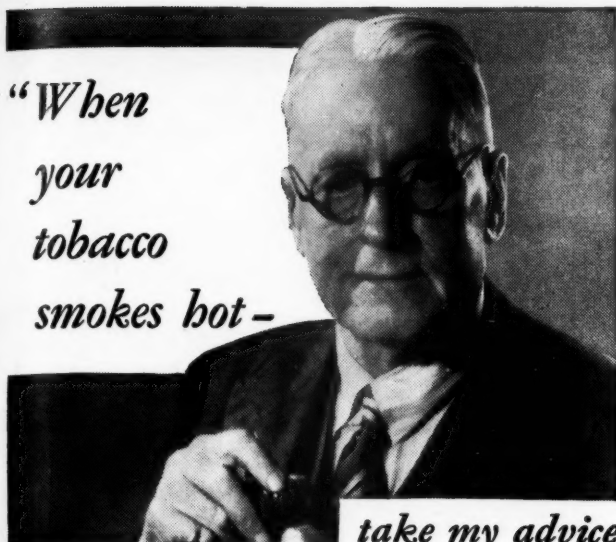


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